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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—III.

BY MARK TWAIN.

IV.—LATER.

FOUR years ago (1898-9) I wrote the preceding chapters. I was assured by the wise that Christian Science was a fleeting craze and would soon perish. This prompt and all-competent stripe of prophet is always to be had in the market at ground-floor rates. He does not stop to load, or consider, or take aim, but lets fly just as he stands. Facts are nothing to him, he has no use for such things; he works wholly by inspiration. And so, when he is asked why he considers a new movement a passing fad and quickly perishable, he finds himself unprepared with a reason and is more or less embarrassed. For a moment. Only for a moment. Then he waylays the first spectre of a reason that goes flitting through the desert places of his mind, and is at once serene again and ready for conflict. Serene and confident. Yet he should not be so, since he has had no chance to examine his catch, and cannot know whether it is going to help his contention or damage it.

The impromptu reason furnished by the early prophets of whom I have spoken was this:

“There is nothing *to* Christian Science; there is nothing about it that appeals to the intellect; its market will be restricted to the unintelligent, the mentally inferior, the people who do not think.”

They called that a reason why the cult would not flourish and endure. It seems the equivalent of saying:

“There is no money in tinware; there is nothing about it that appeals to the rich; its market will be restricted to the poor.”

It is like bringing forward the best reason in the world why Christian Science should flourish and live, and then blandly offering it as a reason why it should sicken and die.

That reason was furnished me by the complacent and unfright-

ened prophets four years ago, and it has been furnished me again to-day. If conversions to new religions or to old ones were in any considerable degree achieved through the intellect, the aforesaid reason would be sound and sufficient, no doubt; the inquirer into Christian Science might go away unconvinced and unconverted. But we all know that conversions are seldom made in that way; that such a thing as a serious and painstaking and fairly competent inquiry into the claims of a religion or of a political dogma is a rare occurrence; and that the vast mass of men and women are far from being capable of making such an examination. They are not capable, for the reason that their minds, howsoever good they may be, are not trained for such examinations. The mind not trained for that work is no more competent to do it than are lawyers and farmers competent to make successful clothes without learning the tailor's trade. There are 75,000,000 men and women among us who do not know how to cut out and make a dress-suit, and they would not think of trying; yet they all think they can competently think out a political or religious scheme without any apprenticeship to the business, and many of them believe they have actually worked that miracle. But indeed the truth is, almost all the men and women of our nation or of any other get their religion and their politics where they get their astronomy—entirely at second hand. Being untrained, they are no more able to intelligently examine a dogma or a policy than they are to calculate an eclipse.

Men are usually competent thinkers along the lines of their specialized training only. Within these limits alone are their opinions and judgments valuable; outside of these limits they grope and are lost—usually without knowing it. In a church assemblage of five hundred persons, there will be a man or two whose trained minds can seize upon each detail of a great manufacturing scheme and recognize its value or its lack of value promptly; and can pass the details in intelligent review, section by section, and finally as a whole, and then deliver a verdict upon the scheme which cannot be flippantly set aside nor easily answered. And there will be one or two other men there who can do the same thing with a great and complicated educational project; and one or two others who can do the like with a large scheme for applying electricity in a new and unheard-of way; and one or two others who can do it with a showy scheme for revolutionizing

the scientific world's accepted notions regarding geology. And so on, and so on. But the manufacturing experts will not be competent to examine the educational scheme intelligently, and their opinion about it would not be valuable; neither of these two groups will be able to understand and pass upon the electrical scheme; none of these three batches of experts will be able to understand and pass upon the geological revolution; and probably not one man in the entire lot will be competent to examine, capably, the intricacies of a political or religious scheme, new or old, and deliver a judgment upon it which any one need regard as precious.

There you have the top crust. There will be four hundred and seventy-five men and women present who can draw upon their training and deliver incontrovertible judgments concerning cheese, and leather, and cattle, and hardware, and soap, and tar, and candles, and patent medicines, and dreams, and apparitions, and garden truck, and cats, and baby food, and warts, and hymns, and time-tables, and freight-rates, and summer resorts, and whiskey, and law, and surgery, and dentistry, and blacksmithing, and shoemaking, and dancing, and Huyler's candy, and mathematics, and dog fights, and obstetrics, and music, and sausages, and dry goods, and molasses, and railroad stocks, and horses, and literature, and labor unions, and vegetables, and morals, and lamb's fries, and etiquette, and agriculture. And not ten among the four hundred—let their minds be ever so good and bright—will be competent, by grace of the requisite specialized mental training, to take hold of a complex abstraction of any kind and make head or tail of it.

The whole five hundred are thinkers, and they are all capable thinkers—but only within the narrow limits of their specialized trainings. Four hundred and ninety of them cannot competently examine either a religious plan or a political one. A scattering few of them do examine both—that is, they think they do. With results as precious as when I examine the nebular theory and explain it to myself.

If the four hundred and ninety got their religion through their minds, and by weighed and measured detail, Christian Science would not be a scary apparition. But they don't; they get a little of it through their minds, more of it through their feelings, and the overwhelming bulk of it through their environment.

Environment is the chief thing to be considered when one is proposing to predict the future of Christian Science. It is not the ability to reason that makes the Presbyterian, or the Baptist, or the Methodist, or the Catholic, or the Mohammedan, or the Buddhist, or the Mormon; it is *environment*. If religions were got by reasoning, we should have the extraordinary spectacle of an American family with a Presbyterian in it, and a Baptist, a Methodist, a Catholic, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, and a Mormon. A Presbyterian family does not produce Catholic families or other religious brands, it produces its own kind; and not by intellectual processes, but by association. And so also with Mohammedanism, the cult which in our day is spreading with the sweep of a world-conflagration through the Orient, that native home of profound thought and of subtle intellectual fence, that fertile womb whence has sprung every great religion that exists. Including our own; for with all our brains we cannot invent a religion and market it.

The language of my quoted prophets recurs to us now, and we wonder to think how small a space in the world the mighty Mohammedan Church would be occupying now, if a successful trade in its line of goods had been conditioned upon an exhibit that would "appeal to the intellect" instead of to "the unintelligent, the mentally inferior, the people who do not think."

The Christian Science Church, like the Mohammedan Church, makes no embarrassing appeal to the intellect, has no occasion to do it, and can get along quite well without it.

Provided. Provided what? That it can secure that thing which is worth two or three hundred thousand times more than an "appeal to the intellect"—an *environment*. Can it get that? Will it be a menace to regular Christianity if it gets that? Is it time for regular Christianity to get alarmed? Or shall regular Christianity smile a smile and turn over and take another nap? Won't it be wise and proper for regular Christianity to do the old way, the customary way, the historical way—lock the stable door after the horse is gone? Just as Protestantism has smiled and nodded this long time (while the alert and diligent Catholic was slipping in and capturing the public schools), and is now beginning to hunt around for the key when it is too late?

Will Christian Science get a chance to show its wares? It has

already secured that chance. Will it flourish and spread and prosper if it shall create for itself the one thing essential to those conditions—an environment? It has *already* created an environment. There are families of Christian Scientists in every community in America, and each family is a factory; each family turns out a Christian Science product at the customary intervals, and contributes it to the Cause in the only way in which contributors to Churches are ever made on a large scale—by the puissant forces of personal contact and association. Each family is an agency for the Cause, and makes converts among the neighbors, and starts some more factories.

Four years ago there were six Christian Scientists in a certain town that I am acquainted with; a year ago there were 250 there; they have built a church, and its membership numbers 400 now. This has all been quietly done; done without frenzied revivals, without uniforms, brass bands, street parades, corner oratory, or any of the other customary persuasions to a godly life. Christian Science, like Mohammedanism, is “restricted” to the “unintelligent, the people who do not think.” There lies the danger. It makes Christian Science formidable. It is “restricted” to four hundred and ninety-five hundredths of the human race, and must be reckoned with by regular Christianity. And will be, as soon as it is too late.

V.—(LATER STILL.)—A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.*

Passages from the Introduction to the “Secret History of Eddypus, the World-Empire”:

The First Part of this Introduction—which deals with Book I. of my narrative—being now concluded, and the outlines of that portion of the ancient world’s history which preceded the rise of what was in time to be the sole Political and Religious Power in the earth—Christian Science—being clearly defined in the reader’s mind, as I trust, I now arrive at the Second Part of my Introduction, which will tersely synopsise Book II. of my History.

Accuracy is not claimed for Book I., as the reader will see when he comes to examine it. One of the first acts of the Christian Science (or Divine Science) Popes when they had attained to supreme power in the globe, was the destruction of all secular libraries, the suppression of all secular seats of learning, and the

* Written A.D. 2902.

prohibition of all literature not issued by the papal press at Eddy-flats (called by another name previously). This extinction of light was begun nearly nine hundred years ago, at the time that the Roman Catholic Church gave up the struggle and ceased to exist as an independent body, turning over what was left of its assets to the Christian Science Church on exceedingly good terms, and merging itself in that giant Trust, about the beginning of the reign of Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy IV.—“Viceroy of God”—as the official formula of that remote age words it, a formula still used in our own day under Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy LXIX. Within a century after the beginning of this extinction of light, all the ancient history-books had disappeared from the world. Within two centuries more, the tale of the ancient world had ceased to be history, properly speaking, and had become legend. And mainly fantastic legend, too, as the reader will admit when he comes to study it.

But my Book II. deals not with legend, but with fact. Its materials are drawn from the great find of seven years ago, the inestimable Book which Mark Twain, the Father of History, wrote and sealed up in a special vault in an important city of his day, whose ruins were discovered under mounds in the desert wastes a hundred and fifty years ago, and in recent years have been clandestinely explored by one whose name I must not reveal, lest the Church learn it and bring the traitor to the rack and the stake.

This noble book was written during the time of the Rise of Christian Science, and is the only authentic one in existence which treats of that extraordinary period, the Church histories being—what we know them to be, but do not speak it out except when we are writing as I am now, secretly and in the fear of consequences. The translation of the Book’s quaint and mouldy English into the Language Universal, the English of our day, has been a slow and most difficult work—and withal dangerous; but it has been accomplished. The best reward of our handful of brave scholars is not publicity of their names!

What we know of the Father of History is gathered from modest chance admissions of his own, and will be found in the proper places in my succeeding volumes. We know that he was a statesman and moralist of world-wide authority, and a historian whose works were studied and revered by all the nations and colleges in

his day. He has tacitly conceded this in chapter 4 of volume IX. of his immortal Book. It is apparent that he had defects. This we learn by his attempts to conceal them. He often quotes things that have been said about him; and not always with good discretion, since they "give him away"—a curious phrase which he uses so frequently that we must suppose it was a common one in his time. In one place he quotes—with an evident pang, though he thinks he conceals the hurt—this remark from a book, by an unknown author, entitled the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*: "He possesses every fine and great mental quality except the sense of humor." Nine-tenths of this verdict is nobly complimentary; yet, instead of being satisfied with it and grateful for it, he devotes more than five pages to trying to prove that he *has* the sense of humor. And fails—though he is densely unaware of it. There is something pathetic about this. He has several other defects; the reader will find them noted in their proper places.

His Book is inestimably valuable, because of its transparent truthfulness, and because it covers the whole of that stupendous period, the birth and rise of Christian Science. He was born fifteen years after Our Mother, in the autumn of the year 15 of our era, which corresponds to the year 1835 of the so-called Christian Era, and was educated in five foreign and domestic Universities. He lived throughout Our Mother's earthly sojourn, and several years after her Translation in the Automobile of Fire. From him we learn that he was 246 years old when he finished his Book and buried it, but the date of his death is shrouded in obscurity.

Briefly, then, let us outline the contents of my Book II.

In A.M. (year of Our Mother) 55, (A.D. 1875), Our Mother's Revelation was published. It bore the title "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," and in the early days it was read by her disciples in connection with a volume, now long ago obsolete and forgotten, called the Old and New Testaments, as a translation of the meanings of that volume. A generation or two after her Ascension, she re-wrote "Science and Health," and discarded its previous contents, and also its title. She sent this perfected work down from on high by Revelation. From that day to ours, her book has borne the simple title, "The Holy Bible, by Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy I." By command,

left in her Will, the term "Christian Science" was changed to "Divine Science" as soon as her Church's universal dominion in the earth was secure. This happened at the time of the merger, when Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy IV. ascended the throne. He was the first male Pope. By the terms of the Will, all Popes must officially bear Our Mother's name and be called "She," regardless of sex. Almost as a rule, our Popes have been males since the earliest days.

The world's events are not ordered by gods nor by men, but solely by Circumstance—accidental, unplanned, and unforeseen. One circumstance creates another, that one a third, and so on: just as a seed, falling in a barren place, creates a plant, the plant creates a forest, the forest condenses the humidity of the atmosphere and creates streams, the streams make the region fruitful, this invites men, a community results, a nation grows from it, a civilization develops, and with it its sure and inevitable crop of ambitions, jealousies, quarrels, wars, and squabbling little religions: the ages go on and on and on, and from century to century histories are written, wherein it is told how this and that and the other vast event was the work of such-and-such a king, or such-and-such a statesman, and not a word about *Accidental and Inevitable Circumstance*, which alone did those things, and would have done them anyhow, whether those kings and statesmen had existed or not. Meantime, that small seed which fell in the desert in the beginning has been long ago forgotten, and no man takes it into account; yet it was the Circumstance which produced all the other Circumstances, without knowing it or intending it; and without it the desert had remained a desert and there had been no nation, no kings, and no history.

Out of a Circumstance of a million years ago grew the world's entire history—every minute detail of it; and there was never at any time a possibility of changing or preventing any Circumstance in the whole crop, nor of postponing it a fraction of a second, nor of hastening it a fraction of a second by the ingenuity of any man or body of men. That pregnant Circumstance was the very first act or motion of the very first microscopic living germ that Nature produced. From that wee Circumstance proceeded all history of the past, and from it will proceed all happenings of the future, to the end of time.

Nothing could have prevented it, a million years ago, from pro-

ducing, in its due and far distant season, the discovery of America, the colonization of it, the Rebellion against the crown, the creation of the Republic, the birth and flowering of its sordid and mighty civilization, the advent of the unfruitful Quimby, the fertilizing of his world-old and bald-headed idea by Our Mother, the degrading of that wholesome idea into a fantastic religion, the unforeseen and unexpected expansion of that religion by the accident of Circumstances which no man could control nor direct nor delay, the growth abreast of it of the giant forces of Labor and Capital, their destruction of the Republic, the erection of the Absolute Monarchy, the swallowing up of the civil Monarchy in the colossal religious Autocracy of the World-Empire of Eddypus, the exalting of the Founder of Divine Science to the Second Place in the Holy Family, the extinction of the world's civilizations, and the closing down of the Black Night through whose sombre and melancholy shadows the human race has now been groping, hopeless and forlorn, these eight hundred years.

About the year 1870 of the so-called Christian era (A.M. 50), ingenious men massed together a multitude of small and unprofitable oil-industries under the control of a restricted body of able managers—and that was the first Trust. Circumstances had compelled this. These Circumstances were railways and telegraphs. Businesses which had been wide apart before could live upon their local markets; but the new Circumstances compelled them to send their products from their widely separated sources to the great centres of commerce, and meet the resulting competition with a new device—concentration of the streams, and control of them. Thus, Circumstances created the first Trust and furnished the Opportunity.

The first Trust created the second, the second the third, and so on. In the course of a generation they created hundreds. Little by little, steadily and inevitably, the movement grew. It forced each industry to band its capital and its companies together, whether it wanted to or not; for Circumstances are arbitrary and are not affected by any man's opinions or principles or desires.

Meantime, Circumstances had been doing some other notable work. For many, many ages, in the world, the masters of each old-time industry had formed themselves into close corporations—guilds—for their protection: to control trade and regulate competition. But each guild concerned itself with its own interest.

only; the ironmongers did not combine with the silk mercers nor with the furriers (skinners), nor did any two or more unrelated industries pool their affairs and thus secure each other's protection. Also, for ages, the wage-earning servants of each guild had compacted themselves into close unions, for protection against intruding and alien practisers of their trades, and to limit the number of apprentices, prevent the making of too many journeymen, and keep up the wages. But the subordinates of no two or more, or of all the trades, thought of banding together and commanding the situation. This formidable idea was not born until the world was old and gray.

Circumstances gave it birth. A Circumstance—what it was is centuries ago forgotten—compelled a pair of unrelated unions to join together; this bred another and another combination; the movement grew and spread, according to the law of Circumstance, and by ten or fifteen years after the formation of the Oil Trust, the Knights of Labor were in business. It was smiled at by the wise and the sarcastic, but the smile was premature. It had its ups and downs, but it grew in strength, nevertheless, and prospered. In time it discarded its fantastic title and adopted a sober and dignified one.

It was itself a Trust, of course, and by the end of its birth-century was become the mightiest and the most merciless and remorseless of all; yet, with the dearest and sweetest and most engaging dulness and innocence, it preached a lofty and immaculate holy war against all other Trusts!

It marched side by side with the commercial Trusts for a good while; then it marched ahead of them. It was the first Trust that bound all its vast machinery, all its multitudinous unrelated parts, in one bond of iron—accomplishing this extraordinary thing years before Circumstances did the same with the nation's commercial Trusts.

Side by side with the Labor Trust and the Commercial Trusts was moving the Christian Science Trust—quite unheeded, except to be despised by the wise and smiled at by the sarcastic. Prematurely. All attention was upon the other two—those busy servants that were opening and smoothing the road for their and the world's future master without suspecting it.

The years drifted on. Labor whipped Capital, Capital whipped Labor—turn about. All the railways, ships, telegraphs, tele-

phones, manufactures, newspapers—all the industries of the nation, in a word—became combined in one prodigious Trust, and in its home office its Board directed all the affairs of the country.

Its chairman uttered his command, and next day every newspaper in the land spoke his views with one voice; he touched a button and delivered his orders, and the Conventions nominated his candidate for President, and on election day the people elected that candidate; he dictated the President's policy and was obeyed; he dictated the laws, and the Congress passed them; he officered the army and the navy, to suit the Board; he made war when he pleased and peace when he chose.

In its regular and recurrent turn, the Labor Trust swept him and his Board away, and took over the government and continued it on the same lordly plan until Capital got the upper hand once more.

In the course of one of its innings, Capital abolished the spectre Republic and erected a hereditary Monarchy on its ruins, with dukes and earls and the other ornaments; and, later, Labor rose and seized the whole outfit, and turned out the Billionaire Royal Family and set up a Walking Delegate and his household in their place.

Meantime the Science was growing, relentlessly growing, ceaselessly growing. When it numbered 10,000,000, its presence began to be privately felt; when it numbered 30,000,000, its presence began to be publicly felt; when it numbered 50,000,000, it began to take a hand—quietly; when it numbered half the country's population, it lifted up its chin and began to dictate.

It was time for the intellect of the land to realize where power and profit were to be had, and it went over to the Science, solid—just as had happened in all times with all successful vast movements of all kinds.

The game was made. Four-fifths of the nation skurried to the Church, the rest were *lashed* into it. The Church was master, supreme and undisputed; all other powers were dead and buried; the Empire was an established perpetuity; its authority spread to the ends of the earth; its revenues were estimable in astronomical terms only, they went to but one place in the earth—the Treasury at Eddyflats, called “Boston” in ancient times; the Church's dominion covered every land and sea, and made all previous con-

centrations of Imperial force and wealth seem nursery trifles by contrast.

Then the Black Night shut down, never again to lift!

Thus stand briefly outlined the contents of Book II. In that Book I have set down the details.

The reader must not seek to know the author's name. Lest the Church learn it also!

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET HISTORY OF EDDYPUS."

[*To be Concluded in April Number.*]